

rangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. BYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath: Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally coasive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry compla and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consemption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startied; fest cold ar barroing, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms astend the disease, but cases have occurred whon but fow of them existed, yet axemination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-healthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-ally to keep the Liver in healthy acrion, will avoid all Malarin, Billious attacks, Dirziness, Nau-ses, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no in-toxicating bevorage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or fool heavy after meals, or sleep-less at night, take a dose and you will be relieved. Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator
in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly
ask pargative, niterative and tonic can
never be out of place. The remedy is harmless
and does not interfere with business or

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, and has all the power and efficacy of Calomel Quinine, without any of the injurious after office

Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Sismons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. Gitt. SMORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

further trial.

"The only Thing that never falls to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspessia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I seen from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never falls to releve.

P. M. Janney, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Masson Mays: From actual ex-

Dr. T. W. Masan says: From actual ex-perience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine. Take only the Genuine, which always has so the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Written for THE BRECKENBIDGE NEWS. DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO YOUR OLD

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Whose daily toil and nightly care What gives to her the greatest joy Are letters from her absent boy. Then don't neglect to write and tell If you and you a doing well;
I little Let her cut a tooth, I little Let has out a tooth,
And George grown of a spring thy youth.
Then you a st know trail make as glad.
To hear that Jim favors his dad,
And as for See, I do declare.
She wery day grows more like ma.
How you and yours are jet ing on
Planting "taloes" and hoe ing corn;
How many fowls your wife new feeds,
With stoot had sand daily de ds,
Will please her well and give her loy
In letters from her absent hoy.
Ray, A. E. Cabaniss.

Written for THE DESCRENEIDGE NEWS. THE BATTLE OF THE CANCES.

One of the most thrilling episodes that the high southern courage never more gal- ger, but fortunately the weapon flashed in I ntly distinguished itself, was the conflict the pan. The savage then clubbed his gun (November 13, 1813) between General and aimed a furious blow at Dale's head, Samuel Dale, on the Alabama river, and which the latter partially parried, and ineleven Indian warriors. It is this rencontre stantly shattered the Indian's skull with we propose to narrate, and to which we the barrel of his gun. have given the title of "The Battle of the Canoes."

Ceneral Claiborne, on the preceding day, which was a place of refuge for the old which the prophets declared was holy ground on which no white man could set with the bayonet fixed. foot and live. It was situated on the Alabama river, west of the present city of force appeared before the town the entire off. One of the latter fired and wounded population was gathered upon a level space. the nearest Indian to Dale, who now stood or green, to witness the burning of five in the centre of the enemy, two dead at his prived of this sport. The Indians resisted desperately but futilely, and those that were not slain fled in confusion across the river, to the far side of which they first removed

the majority of their women and children Learning that there was an Indian encampment on the opposite bank of the Alabama some miles above, Claiborne despatched General Dale with a force of seventy picked men up the river to attack and disperse the savages. Dale marched all that day and night, and early on the morning of the succeeding day arrived opposite the encampment, which, judging by the amoke of the fires, was much larger than \* Claiborne's information led him to suppose. But Sam Dale was not a man to be turned saide by trifles. He had come to attack the enemy, and attack him he would. But we are anticipating a little.

About midnight they had come upon and captured a small hunting party of Indians and seized their canoes. Dividing his force, he sent a portion of his command under a trusty Indian fighter named Jerry Austill, across to the west bank, and kept up the eastern bank with the remainder. Arriving at what was then known as Randon's Landing, but now bearing the name of Dale's Ferry, they, discovered the encampment on the the western side. Having no means of crossing save one small cance they found concealed under overhanging bushes, Dale was forced to wait until Aussill came up on the other side and cap of the musket and pressed him down. As tured and sent over canoes for them. Concealing themselves in the undergrowth, they waited as patiently as they could under the ed to rise, at the same time exclaiming:

About 10 o'clock they saw a large canoe containing eleven warriors pull out from the encampment and head for a canebrake just above where they were concealed. Dale called to his men to follow him and started on a run for the latter. The intrepid Dale and seven of his followers reached the canebrake as the Indians were about to land. The whites immediately fired upon them. Two of the warriors leaped into the water, and as they arose to the surface one was shot by Dale and the other by one of his men, James Smith. By this time the

## BRECKENRIDGE NEV

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28 1883. VOL. VII.

into the river, three of them entering the join his comrades in the land of spirits. cance would now and then raise himself ed. from the water above the gunwale of the cance and shout to Weathe sford, who was in the vicinity of but invisible to the whites. in the vicinity of but invisible to the whites, in the Creek dialect:

" Yos-te-hak! Yos-la-hah!" ("They are spoiling us! They are spoiling us!") As often as he rose the whites fired upon

aim, but without effect. Finally, growing bolder, he raised himself breast high, and cried to them is derision: "Why don't you shoot?"

This was more than Dale could stand, and taking careful sight between the sav-

bullet crashing through his brain. The cance then began floating down the current, the remaining two warriors being what they said, but the discussion lasted a vated voice and came running in, in great inable to manage it, and those inside fearng to show themselves.

Seeing this Dale called out to the other party who had by this time made their appearance on the opposite bank, to bring him over some canoes. Six men jumped into said one and paddled to that of the Indiana, when one of them, catching sight of the warriors concealed on the bottom, cried

"Live Indiane! Back water, boys; back water!" and in their fright they paddled as fast as they could back to the shore. Dale, espying a strapping free negro

named Casar on the shore with the others, ordered him to bring over a cance on the instant. Cosar besitated about obeying, when Dale assured him, with an oath, that if he did not instantly obey he would shoot him. Cmaar's hesitation vanished, and he speedily paddled over to where Dale stood waiting.

He landed about a hundred yards below the big cance containing the warriors, and Dale and two others entered. He made Cresar paddle them to within about forty yards of the Indian canoe, when all three leveled their guns, which, to their chagrin, all missed fire.

The boats rapidly neared each other, when one of the warriors threw his scalping knife at the whites, piercing their frail bark cance through and through, just grazmoment the canoes came in contact.

Dale instantly leaped up, placing one foot in the cance of the enemy. The nearest warrior to him leveled his rifle at the marked the war of 1812-14-one in which dauntless fellow's breast and pulled trig-

In the meantime another warrior had stricken down one of Dale's companions. and was in the act of dispatching him with had attacked, captured and destroyed his knife, when Dale struck him over the Econochaca, the Creek prophet's town, head with his rifle, breaking the latter in two pieces. He hurled the stock at one of men, women and children of the tribe, and the other savages Seeing him thus disarmed, Casar handed Dale his musket,

With this Dale leaped into the other beat in the midst of the Indians. His Monttomery. When Claiborne and his cance containing his companions floated white prisoners. Of course they were de- feet, a wounded warrior at the stern who continually snapped a gun at him, and four powerful, unburt warriors at his front. The first of these made a blow at him with his rifle, which he warded off with the barrel of his musket and ran the bayonet through his body. As he fell, the attack was repeated by the next one. Another shot from Dale's cance pierced his heart, and he fell dead in the bottom of the boat. The third warrfor now sprang over the bodies of his comrades flourishing his tomahawk. Dale spitted him on his bayonet, and he now faced the fourth one. This warrior was well known to Dale. His name was Tar-cha-chee, and he was noted as being the best wrestler and most expert

> ball-player of his tribe. For a moment Tar-cha-chee stood moionless, awaiting the onset of Dale. But as the latter moved not, Tar-cha-chee stepped backward to the bow of the boat to gain space for an irresistible rush, yelled the Creek warhoop, and cried out:

"Sem inolocco, Icna dehmaske, 'e-le nesino-lipso-i'pso-la certial" Sam, I am a man-I am coming-I am coming-come ou!")

As he spake, with a terrific yell, he bounded over the dead bodies of the others, aiming a blow at Dale with his rifle, which dislocated the latter's left shoulder. Dale thrust his bayonet into him. It glanced around his ribs, the point penetrating his tims are likely to lose their only earthly spine. Dale bore his weight upon the butt he pulled the weapon back, the Indian clutched the side of the boat and endeavor-

"Tar-cha-chee is a man! He is not afraid to die!"

Dale drove the bayonet through bis heart. He then turned to the wounded warrior at the stern, who had been continually enapping his rifle at him, and who gave the warhoop of his tribe and exclaim-

"I am a warrior! I am not afraid to

As he uttered the words Dale plunged William Weathersford, a helf-b ced, who commanded a force of a thousand Creck war-

other Indians were backing the canoe out | his bayonet into his breast and sent him to |

water on the opposite side from the whites | This conflict did not last more than ten constructed for the transportation of corn. ceeded in reaching Fort Claiborne in safe- to join them. One of the warriors who was guiding the ty, where his disabled shoulder was dress-WALLACE GRUELLE.

## A MATTER OF FACT COMANCE.

By CHAPLES READE.

CHAPTER IXI.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the surgeon came to the door, but what surprised Susan was that a man accompanied him whom she only just knew by sight, age's hands with his rifle, the next time his and who had never been there before—the head appeared above the gunwale, fired, the turnkey, Hodges. The pair spoke together in a low tone; and Susan, who was look. stairs before that terrible eye and finger. ing from an upper window, could not hear minute or two before they rang the bell. angiety. Susan came down berself and admitted them. But as she was leading the way up friendship between a man and a woman. stairs her aunt suddenly bounced out of Prove to me this is a falsehood!" the parlor, looking unaccountably red, and

"I will go with them, Susan." Susan said, "if you like, aunt;" but felt some little surprise at Mrs. Davies' brisk

At the sick man's door Mrs. Davies flushing. paused, and said, dryly, with a look at Hodges, "Who shall I say is come with you?"

manner.

"Mr. Hodges, one of the warders, is come to inquire after his reverence's health," replied the surgeon, smoothly. "I must ask him first whether he will receive a stranger."

"Admit him," was Mr. Eden's answer. The men entered the room, and were from the sick man.

"Sit down. Hodges?" The surgeon felt his pulse and wrote prescription; for it is a tradition of the auld lang syne." elders that at each visit the doctor must do some overt act of medicine. After this he sunt. I want to be gone; I shall bring him asked the patient how he felt.

Mr. Eden turned an eloqent look upon him in reply.

"I must speak to Hodges," said he. "Come near me, Hodges," said he, in a ing Dale's thigh in its passage. The next kind voice, "perhaps I may not have many more opportunities of giving you a word of friendly exhortation."

Here a short, dissatisfied, contemptuous grunt was heard at the window seat. "Did you speak, Mrs. Davies?"

We should improve every occasion Mrs. Davies, and I want this poor man to and hope everything from God's love and mercy, if he has loved and pitied his brothers and sisters of Adam's race."

When he called himself a dying man, Hodges, who was looking uncomfortable and at the floor, raised his head, and the surgeon and he interchanged a rapid look; it was observed though not by Mr. Eden.

That gentleman, seeing Hodges wear an abashed look which he misunderstood, and aiming to improve him for the future, not punish him for the past, said, "But first let me thank you for coming to see me;" and with these words he put his hand out of the bed with a kind smile to Hodges. His gentle intention was roughly interrupted: Mrs. Davies flung down her work and came like a flaming turkey-cock across the floor in a moment, and seized his arm and flung it back into the bed.

"No, ye don't! ye shan't give your hand to any such rubbish."

"Mrs. Davies!"

"Yes, Mrs. Davies; you don't know what the door! You have got an enemy in that man comes from him to see how bad you are-they were colloguing together backward and forward ever so long, and I heard em-it is not out of any kindness or good will in the world. Now suppose you march out the way you came in," screamed Mrs. Davies.

"Mrs. Davies, be quiet, and let spesk!"

"Of course I will, sir," said the woman with a ludicrously sudden calm and coaxing tone.

There was a silence. Mr. Eden eyed the men. Small guilt peeped from them by its usual little signs.

Mr. Eden's lip curled magnificently.

"So you did not come to see me-you were sent by that man. (Mrs. Davies, be quiet; curiosity is not a crime, like torturing the defenseless.) Mr. Hawes sent you defender."

The men colored and stammered: Mrs. Davies covered her face with her apron and | you!" rocked herself on her chair. Mr. Eden flowed gently on.

"Tell your master that I have settled all my worldly affairs, and caused all my trifling debts to be paid."

"Tell him that I have made my will! (I have provided in it for the turnkey Evans He will know why.")

"Tell him you found my cheeks fallen give it him away, my eye hollow, and my face squalid." "Tell him my Bible was by my side, and even the prison was mingling with other memories, as I drifted from earth, and all its thorns and tears. All was blunted but well as he could; but some of it, dissolved the Christian's faith and trust in his Re- by the saliva, found its way down his

"Tell him that there is a cold dew upon | tress that followed was most amusing to | "Hist!" said Robinson; as Josephs crept my forehead.

"Tell him that you found me by the side and pushing it along. The others crouched minutes, but it ended none too soon, for as of the river Jordan, looking across the Hawes. down in the bottom of the cance, which he pinned the last of the savages with his cold river to the heavenly land, where they

you poor tools-the door!"

that flamed. Mrs. Davies caught the flicted, Heaven-pitied brother. electric spark; in a moment she tore the door open, and the pair bundled down the

"They say there is no such thing as

"Susan, Susan." Susan beard his ele-

"It is, sir." "Do me a service."

"Ab! what is it?" "Go a journey for me."

"I will go all around England for you, Mr. Eden," criel the girl, | 1 anting and

"My writing deak! it is to a village sixty miles from this, but you will be there in four bours; in that village lives the man who can cure me if any one can. "What will you take with you?" asked

Mrs. Davies, all in a bustle. "A comb and brush, and a chemise."

"I'll have them down in a twinkling." The note was written.

"Take this to his house, see him, tell welcomed with a kind but feeble smile bim the truth, and bring him with you tomorrow-it will be lifty pounds out of his pocket to leave his patients-but I think he will come. Oh yes, he will come-for

"Good-bye, Mr. Eden; God bless you, if I have to carry him in my arms." And with these words Susan was gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

Not a tithe of Hawes' exploits can be ecorded here. I shall describe, therefore. only the grand result of all, and a case or two that varied by a shade the monotony of discipline. He kept one poor lad without any food at all from Saturday morning bucket, then closed it; and soon after gettill Sunday at twelve o'clock, and made ting close to Carter and between him and the famished wretch six ounces of bread collar, and then hastily gave him a watchand a can of water. He strapped one pris- ful of cold water. Carter sucked it with know that a dying man may feel happy. hours, and directed him to be fed in it. was, no mortal can say what cons quences This prisoner had a short neck, and the were averted by it. cruel collar would not let him eat, so that the tortures of Tantalus were added to crucifixion. The earnest beast put a child of eleven years old into a straight waist days on bread and water, and robbed him of his bed and his gas for fourteen days. Having victimized this child's tender body as aforesaid, Mr. Hawes made a cut at his soul. He stopped his chapel.

The one-ideed man wanted to punish; and deprivation of chapel is a bitter punishment to a prisoner under the separate and silent system.

The first execution of biped Carter took laid prostrate.

It is not generally very difficult to outwit an imbecile, and the governor enmeah- gasping in vain for fresh air, gasping in ed Carier, made him out refractory, and crucified him. The poor soul did not hal- simple delieacy to incite their enfeebled loo at first; for he remembered they had appetite. not cut his throat the last time, as he they've come here for-I overheard ye at Thought they were going to do (he had bour for locking up, and found dead at the began to how and cry most frightfully; so died no one knew. Whether in some and came at once to the place. Mr. Sawyer came with him. They tried different ways of quieting him in vain. They went to a distance, as Mr. Eden had suggested, but it was of no use; he was howling now from pain, not fear.

"Gag him!" roared Hawes; "it is scandalous; I hate a noise." "Better loose him," suggested the sur-

Hawes blighted him with a look, "What! and let him beat met"

"There is no gag in the prison,"

"A pretty prison without a car in it!" said Hawes, the only reflection he was ever heard to cast on his model jail; then, that you might tell him how soon his vic- with sudden ferocity, he turned on Sawyer. "What is the use of you? don't you know anything for your money? can't all your science stop this brute's windpipe-

Science, thus blandly invoked, came to the aid of inhumanity. "Humph! have you got any salt?"

"Salt!" roared Hawes; "what is the use

of salt? Oh! ay, I see; run and get a pered: pound, and look sharp with it." They brought the salt. "Now, will you hold your noise? Then

The scientific operator watched his opportunity and, when the poor biped's mouth was open, howling, crammed a handful of salt into it. He spit it out as

throat. The look of amazement and dis-

the operators.

"That was a good idea, doctor," cried

The triumph was premature. Carter's was made of an enormous cypress log, and bayonet his men on the bank cried out that who have been washed in the blood of the cries were choked for a moment by his as they meet next time with visors both down. was over thirty feet long, four feet deep, Weathersford was coming. He managed Lamb walk in white garments, and seem, tonishment. But the next, fluding a fresh Josepha gave a slight and rapid signal of my finger between the straps and the poor and three feet across the beam, having been to cross his men all safely over and suc- even as I gaze, to welcome and beckon me torture added to the first, he howled louder intelligence as he disappeared. Two days fellow's flesh; and, good Heavens! I can than ever. Then the governor seized the after this they met on the stair-case. The feel the skin rising like a ridge on each side "And then tell him," cried he, in a new salt, powdered a good handful, and, avoid- boy, who now looked at every prisoner's of the straps. It is a black, burning sham's voice, like a flash of lightning, "that he ing his teeth, crammed it suddenly into trowsers for the white mark, recognized to use any Christian like this!" has brought me back to earth. You have the poor creature's mouth. He spat it Robinson as some distance, and began to come and reminded me that if I die a wolf furiously out, and the brine fell like sea- speak before they met. is waiting to tear my sheep. I thank you, spray upon all the operators, especially on and I tell you," roused he, "as the Lord Hawes, who swore at the biped, and called liveth, and as my soul liveth, I will not him a beast, and promised him a long die, but live-and do the Lord's work- spell of the cross for his nastiness. After and put my foot yet on that caitiff's neck, Hawer, Fry must take his turn, and so who sent you to inspect my decaying body, now these three creatures, to whom Heaven had given reason, combined their He was up in the bed by magic, tower- strength and their sacred reason to torture not for all the world. Pass me, and then life, as I hear his in my heart. And then he ing above them all, and he pointed to the and degrade one of those whom the French come back." door with a tremendous gesture and an eye | call "beles du bon Dier"-a Heaven-af-

"I can't go on much longer like this."

"Ob, don't do that," said Josephs, pire-

"Murder f" cried Robinson, contemptu-

ously. And there was no time to say any

in a low, gloomy tone, he muttered: "I

"The day you have no more hope, Rob-

inson? That day has come to me this fort-

will make my life hell to me, and I am sure

it has been nothing else ever since I came

"He will live too long for me. I can't

often chat together again, perhaps never."

One bitter, tearing sob was all the reply.

threat, "I'll make your life bell to you."

"Why not kill me at once, and put me

"You know I can't do the task you set

"Hold your tongue, you insolent young

"Oh, no, no, no, dont't go to strap me

tighter, or you will cut me in half-don't,

"It shall hast till I break you, you obsti

Hawes, however, did but repeat his threat

when a word was unexpectedly put in for

The turnkey Evans had been half sul-

A month or two ago the lips of a prisoner

lenly, half sorrowfully watching him for

left him with his torture.

him by a bystander.

some minutes past.

me. You know it as well as I do."

villain. Strap him tighter, Fry."

eart for my sake."

cified on the spot.

"Hold your tongue."

were in hell."

And so these two parted.

"No more can I."

"He is dead."

They met again.

"I shall go to father."

"Why, where is he?"

Whenever he opened his mouth with the ence gets well or goes to Heaven. If he lives we shall kill him amongst us." instinct that makes animals proclaim their he will save us somehow. If he dies, I'll burts and appeal for pity on the chance of tell you a secret. I know where there is a a heart being within hearing, then did brick I think I can loosen. I mean to these show their sense of his appeal thus: smash that benst's skull with it, and then were instantly discharged over Joseph. One of the party crammed the stinging you will be all right, and my heart will feel salt down his throat, the others watched like a prince." him, and kept clear of the brine that he spat rehemently out, and a loud report of ously. "Better for us he should murder us laughter followed instantly each wild than we him. grimace and convulsion of fear and tor-

They left Carter for hours in the pillory, more and soon a violent thirst was added to his After this many days passed before these sufferings. Prolonged pain brings on cruel two could get a syllable together. But one thirst, and many a poor fellow suffered day after chapel, as the men were being and ordered Fry to take him down. Fry horribly from it during the last hours of told off to their several tasks, Robinson his pillory. But in this case the salt he recognized the boy by his figure, and, jog- Evans for his mild interference. had swallowed made it more vehement, ging his clow, withdrew a little apart; Jo-The poor wretch's throat was so parched sepbs followed him, and this time Robinhe could hardly breathe. His eyes were son was the first speaker. all bloodshot, and his livid tongue lolled "We shall never see Mr. Eden alive again, stringless and powerless out of his gasping boy," said he, in a faltering voice. Then mouth.

The carnest man going his rounds of duty saw his pitiable state, and forbade re- hope, that day I send Hawes home." And lief till the number of hours he had ap the thief pointed toward the cellar. pointed for his punishment should be completed. Discipline before all! There was one man in the jail, just one,

who could no longer view this barbarity

unmoved. His heart had been touched, and his understanding awakened, and he saw these prodigies of cruelty in their true light. But he was afraid of Hawes, and unfortunately the others, by an instinct. felt their comrade was no longer one of them, and watched him closely. But his intelligence was awakened with his humanity. After much thought he hit upon this: He took the works out of his watch -an old hunting-watch-and, strolling into the yard, dipped the case into the oner up in the pillory for twenty-four frigh ful avidity, and small as the draught

Lyans was dreadfully out of spirits. His ally lay dying, and his enemy triumphed. He looked to be turned out of the juil at the next meeting of the magistrates. But coat for three days, then kept him three when he had given the idiot his watch to drink out of, an unwented warmth and courage seemed to come into his beart

Hawes fel! hardest upon the young; boys and children were favorite victims; but his Jacket, throttled him in the collar, and favorites of all were poor Robinson and little Josephs. These were at the head of pinned him to the wall, and this time, the the long list he crucified, he parched, he first time for a long while, the prisoner remonstrated loudly. famished, he robbed of prayer, of light, of rest, and hope. He disciplined the sick, out of my misery?" he closed the infirmary again. That large place about a week after Mr. Eden was room, furnished with comfort, nurses and air, was an inconsistency.

So the sick lay in their narrow cells vain for some cooling drink, or some little

The dying were locked up at the fixed Mr. Fry. I will hold my tongue, sir." Then he turned his hollow, mournful eyes on seen a pig first made fast, then stuck). fixed hour for opening. How they had Hawes and said gently: "It can't last much filthy Jail, haven't you, sir? Well, this But when the bitter cramps came on, he died no one knew. At what hour they had longer, you know." that Hawes, who was talking to the sur- choking struggle a human hand might nate, whining dog. You are hardly used, geon in the center of the building, started have saved them by changing a suffocating are you? Walt till to-morrow, I'll show position or the like, no one knew. you that I have only been playing with you

Hawes, besides his cruelty, was a noodle He belonged to a knot of theorists, into store for you that will make you wish you whose hands the English jails are fast fallng-a set of shallow dreamers, who, being dunces and asses, think themselves wiser than Nature or her Author. Josephs suffered body and spirit, without intermission. The result was that his flesh withered on his bones; his eves were dim, and seemed to lie at the bottom of two caverns; he crawled stiffly and slowly instead of walking. He was not sixteen years of age, yet Hawes had extinguished his youth and blotted out all its signs but one.

One day as Robinson happened to ashing the corridor with his beaver up, what he took for a small but aged man passed him, shambling stiffly, with joints stiffened by perpetual crucifizion and rheumatism, that had ensued from perpenually being wetted through. This figure had his beaver down; at sight of Robinson he started, and instantly went down on his knees and untied both shoe strings; then, while tring them again slowly, he whis

"Robinson, I am Josephs; don't look to

Robinson, scrubbing the wall with more vigor than before, whispered, "How are they using you, now, boy?"

turning blue, and his skin twitching, told "Hush ! don't speak so loud. Robinson, Evans nothing. He saw these things withthey are killing me." out seeing them. He was cruel from atu "The ruffiana! They are trying all they know to kill me, too."

"Fry coming."

perned. But Mr. Eden had awakened his intelligence, and his beart waked with it naturally

Now when he saw the lips turning blue, and eyes rolling in and despair, and skin twitching convalsively, it occurred to him, "This creature mitst be suffering very badly;" and the next step was, "let me see

what is hurting him so." Evans now stood over Josephs and examined him, "Mr. Fry," said he, doggedly, NO. 32. "is not this overdoing it ?".

"What d'ye mean? We are to obey orders, I sul pose ?"

"Of course. But there is no need to away, and, having scraped off a grain of draw the jacket straps so fight Sa all this. whitewash with his nail, he made a little Boy's bellows can't hardly work for 'em." white mark on his trowsers just above his He now passed his hand round the hollow calf, for Josephs to know him by, should of the lad's back.

"I thought so!" cried he: "I can't get

These words were hardly out of the turffkey's mouth, when a startling cry came suddenly from poor Josephs-a sudden; wild, piercing scream of misory. In that bitter, despairing cry burst out the pent-up anguish of weeks, and the sense of injustice and cruelty more than human. The poor "I don't care how soon I go there either, thing gave this one terrible cry. Heaven but not till I have sent Hawes on before, forbid that you should hear such a one in fell to sobbing as if his whole frame would

"Undo him!" cried Evans, hastily, "or "Keep up your heart, boy, till his rever-

"Bucket," said the experienced Fry, quite coolly:

The bucket was at hand; its contents

A cry like a dying hare, two or three violent gasps, and he was quiet, all but a strong shiver that passed from head to foot; only; with the water that now trickled from his hair down his face, scalding tears from his young eyes fell to the ground undistinguished from the water by finy eye but

God's. At six o'clock Hawes came into the yard took this opportunity of informing against

"He will pay for that along with the rest," said Hawes, with an oath. Then he turned on Josephs, who halted stiffly by him on his way to his cell.

"I'll make your life hell to you, you young vagabond-you are hardly used are have loosened the brick; the day I lose all you! All you have ever known isn't a stroke with a feather to what I'll make you know by and-by. Wait till to-morrow comes. you shall see what I can do when I am put night and more. He tells me every day he

Josephs sobbed, but answered nothing, and crawled sore, stiff, dripping, shivering to his cell. In that miserable hole he would at least be at peace.

"Keep up your heart, boy; he hasn't long He found the gas lighted. He was glad. for he was drenched through, and bitter'y cold. He crept up to the little gas-light stay here any longer. You and I shan't and put his dead-white hands over it and got a little warmth into them; he blessed "Don't talk so, laddie. Keep up your this spark of light and warmth; he looked lovingly down on it; it was his only friend in the jail, his companion in the desolate cell. He wished he could gather it into This was just after breakfast. At din, his bosom; then it would warm his heart, ner-time Josephs, not having performed an and his blighted flesh, and aching, and

A little bread and water was served out to While he hung shivering over his spark him in the yard, and he was set on the of light, and warmth, and comfort, a key crank again with fearful menaces. In parwas put into his door. "Ah! here's supper." ticular. Mr. Hawes repeated his favorite thought be, "and I am so hungry." It was not supper, it was Fry, who came in empty-Josephs groaned; but what could a boy of handed, leaving the door open. Fry went fifteen do, overtasked and famished for a to his gas light and put his finger and thumb month past, and fitter now for a hospital on the screw.

than for hard labor of any sort? At three "Oh, it burns all right, Mr. Fry," said o'clock his progress on the crank was so Josephs, "it won't go any higher, thank slow that Mr. Hawes ordered him to be cru-

"No, it won't," said Fry, dryly, and turn-His obedient myrmidous for the fiftieth ed it out, leaving the cell'in utter darkness. time seized the lad and crushed him in the "There, I told you so," said Josephs, pettishly; "now you have been and turned it out."

"Yes, I have been and turned it out," replied Fry, with a brutal laugh, "and it won't be turned on again for fourteen days, so the governor says, however, and I suppose he knows;" and Fry went out chuck-

Josephs burst out sobbing and almost screaming at this last stroke, it seemed to but him more than his fiercer tortures.

Josephs sobs began gradually to go down, and some little warmth began to steal over his frame; as soon as he got a little warm, Nature, who knew how much her tortured son needed repose, began to weigh down his eyelids, and he dozed. Sleep was stealing over him. Sleep! life's nurse sent from Heaven to create us anew day by day -sleep! that has blunted and gradually cured a hundred thousand sorrows for one as yet. But I have got a punishment in that has yielded to any moral remedysleep! that has blunted and so cured by degrees a million fleshy ills for one that drugs Hawes stood over the martyr, fiercely or draughts have ever reached-Sleep had threatening him. The martyr shut his eyes. her arm around this poor child, and was It seemed as though the enraged Hawes drawing him gently, gently, slowly, slowly, would end by striking him. He winced to her bosom-when suddenly his cell seemwith his eyes. He could not wince with ed to him to be all in a blaze, and a rough any other part of his body, so tight was it hand shook him, and a harsh voice sounded jammed together, and jammed against the in his ear;

"Come, get up out of that youngster." is said; and the hand almost jerked him off

of some new torture on the morrow that should far eclipse all be had yet endured; "What is the matter?' inquired Josephs yawning.

and, shaking his fist at his helpless body, "Matter is, I want your bed." One hour of bitter, racking, unremitting Josephs rose, half stupid, and Hodges anguish had hardly rolled over this young rolled up his bed and blanket.

bend, etc'his frame, weskened by famine "Are you really going to reb me of my and perpetual violence, began to give the bed ?' inquired Josephs, slowly and firmly . usual signs that he would soon sham -- swoon "Rob you, you young dog? Here is the we call it when it occurs to any but a pris-

governor's order. No bed and gas for fourteen days." The young martyr's lips were turning "No bed nor gas for fourteen days! Ha!

blue, his face was twitching convalsively, ha! ha! ha! ha! "Oh, you laugh at that, do you?"

"I laugh at Mr. Hawes thinking to keep me out of bed for fourteen days, a poor, worn-out boy like me. You tell Hawes I'll find a bed in spite of him long before fourteen days."

Hodges looked about the cell for this

"Come," said he, "you must't chaff the pidity; from blockhead to butcher there is officers. The governor will serve you out but a step. Like the English public, he enough without your giving us any of your redlized nothing where prisoners were con-Continued on Fourth Page. 1